

THE QUIVER

Saturday, May 23, 1868.



(Drawn by B. BRADLEY.)

"The young lady turned her attention to a little fat spaniel."—p. 362.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

BY ALTON CLYDE.

PART I.

"**T**HEN you are really determined to go to this party, Dora; though you know it will be in defiance of my wishes, and that I shall not accompany you?" So spoke Edward Holmes to his young wife, as they sat at breakfast one morning.

The reply was characteristic.

"Certainly I mean to go, Edward—why not? Your wishes, as you call them, are just nothing more than absurd crotchets, and I don't see why my enjoyment should be made the sacrifice."

"Your enjoyment, Dora!" repeated the husband, with bitter, sorrowful emphasis, rising from his seat at table, and crushing down the heel of his boot into the thick mossy hearthrug, as he stood with his elbow leaning on the low marble mantelshelf. "Well, perhaps I have made a mistake, as many other husbands have, doubtless, done in their time, believing that a wife should find her best enjoyment at home."

"How truly generous on your part," retorted pretty Dora, with a scornful curl of her full red lips, and a rebellious flash of her dark eyes, "to expect me to find all my enjoyment in prosing away the long evenings in this dull old house, just because I have a husband more than ten years my senior, who dislikes society, and cannot shake off the morose disposition that must have belonged to his bachelor days. Truly generous, upon my word; but remember, it will not keep me from the party, for I mean to go—either with or without your consent—as I don't think it right to encourage your unreasonable prejudices. Here, Tiny, Tiny!"

And, apparently with no concern about the effect of her irritating speech, the young lady turned her attention to a little fat spaniel which had lain coiled at her feet like a ball of tawny-looking wool. She gathered it in her arms, and taking a dainty corner of muffin from a plate on the breakfast-tray, occupied herself with trying to tempt its pampered appetite; while her husband stood and watched her movements with a look of pained surprise, and a moody contraction of his broad brow; his handsome mouth compressed, and gradually setting into lines of sternness that would not readily relax.

There was a burning flush on the sallow face, which wore "the pale cast of thought," and told its own story of hard mental work, and years of resolute, hand-to-hand struggle with the world, before he won the professional success and high social position which he had been so proud to share with the light wayward creature who was now stabbing him so ruthlessly with her sarcastic tone and manner—it might be all unconscious of the mischief she was doing.

Her words were still fretting his sensitive soul, leaving an unpleasant impression which, a few hours ago, he would not have believed could be produced by anything from the lips of his young wife. Yet so it was: they carried with them a sting which had cut deeply into the proud heart, which it was her misfortune not to understand. He gave his answer slowly and coldly; there was apparently no heat or passion in his tone, and his

calmness might have misled a stranger. The fire burned more intensely for its forcible repression.

"Very well, Dora; I have heard your decision, and at the same time you have treated me to some of your opinions, which I must confess are quite new to me. But since you desire it so much, go to the party by all means; I shall not again urge my wishes as a restraining influence, for it is very far from my intention to make you a victim to my unreasonable prejudices."

Dora did not reply; she seemed still engrossed with her spaniel, stroking its silky ears through her fingers, and calling it pet names in the light, girlish way which was usually so attractive to her studious husband. At that moment he was too deeply hurt and angry to notice her manner, except to find in it new proof of her indifference about his feelings.

But for all her affected unconcern, a vague sense of uneasiness crept over the wilful young wife, and her heart fluttered as she stole a side-glance at him from under her dropped eyelashes. She did not understand him in that mood: it was something entirely beyond her management. If there had been a storm of recriminating words, or a violent outburst of temper, she could have dealt with it; anything better than that frozen sternness which seemed to be already putting such distance between them.

They had just turned the first year of their wedded life, which had flitted by like a happy dream. True, there had been occasional breaks in the harmony, little clashings of temper, which, to a thoughtful observer, perhaps might have foreboded ill for the future. But their contests had generally ended in playfulness, and the tiny clouds were only like momentary shadowings of the sunshine on a summer meadow; they went so quickly that the sky seemed all the brighter for their passing. But that morning witnessed their first real quarrel, the first break in the chain of love and union—which had bound them together. Yet, even then, a little mutual forbearance would have closed the breach. Much misery would have been spared to both by a better understanding of each other's weaknesses. A few kind words from the young wife would have disarmed her husband's anger, and perhaps won from him a graceful concession to her wishes. It is one of the secrets of woman's power to "stoop to conquer;" for her true strength lies in her weakness. It is only by gentleness that she can ever hope to mould the sterner, stronger nature, or gain any lasting hold over the proud heart that will resist any amount of harsh force, but may be led with a silken thread when guided by a loving hand. Pretty, wayward Dora, the petted wife of a year, should have remembered that, when she let her

husband leave her without his accustomed kiss. It was sowing the first seed of disunion, and it might be her lot to reap in tears the bitter harvest that it would bring.

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Few couples had taken on themselves the responsibilities of wedded life, with fairer prospects of happiness than Edward Holmes and his beautiful wife. He was, as she said, more than ten years her senior; thus he had passed the impressionable age when boyish romance and sentiment may take the place of deeper feelings. There could be no measuring the wealth of love which he had lavished on his girl-wife. Even she did not know the true value of the jewel she had won, or she would never have dared to trifle with it, as she did in those unhappy days when the shadow of estrangement was growing between them.

Edward Holmes was a rising barrister, who had struggled with difficulties, and, in the face of adverse circumstances, manfully fought his way to the front ranks of his profession.

Dora was the orphan daughter of one of those hard-worked, ill-paid curates, in the poorer parishes of London, who die doing their Master's work, and drop silently into undistinguished graves; a band of noble, nameless heroes, who will only be known in the day when "He maketh up his jewels." The young girl was left destitute by her father's death, and would have been thrown on the world, but for the kindness of a widowed sister of her mother's, who enjoyed a small independence by the will of her late husband. Having no children of her own, she took the portionless orphan to her home, and kept her until she married.

No wonder that Dora clung to Aunt Charlotte, and looked up to her as a mother, depending on her in every difficulty. Edward Holmes had always professed strong regard for his wife's aunt. Experience was about to prove that she deserved it, and also confirm her claim to his highest esteem.

It was about a month after the memorable morning of their first quarrel. Against the advice of Aunt Charlotte, and in open defiance of her husband, Dora had fluttered away to the forbidden party—a gay assemblage of people whose acquaintance her fastidious husband did not wish her to cultivate. While she was shining there, as one of the stars of the evening, and delighting in the homage that was paid to her as the beautiful wife of a popular barrister, he remained at home, morosely locked in his study—as usual,

supposed to be busy with his books and papers; but, in reality, sitting moodily over the fire, dejected and discontented with everything about him. With his dark brows knitted into a forbidding frown, he sat listening and watching the fingers of the time-piece, which seemed to his morbid fancy to move so sluggishly.

On the following morning their quarrel was renewed with more violence on both sides. Every day had widened the breach between them; but that morning all the smothered fire of the past month burst into flame. The husband was irritated by her manner, when she cut short some of his angry words by running to the piano and dashing off a spirited waltz.

The sound of that gay, defiant music stung him beyond all self-control. He remembered bending over her chair, with his hand grasping her slender, white wrist, forcing her to listen to bitter words which troubled him afterwards to recall, and sent the young wife to her room in a wild passion of sobs and tears.

Before another hour, she had formed and matured a certain rash plan, and proceeded to act upon it at once.

This was to leave her husband, resign her wifely duties, and go back to her old home with Aunt Charlotte never doubting that she would be received, and the story of her wrongs listened to with the deepest sympathy and compassion.

The greater part of the day was spent in collecting her little miscellaneous possessions, and packing her boxes. She made a parcel of her jewels, and left it on her husband's study table, only retaining for herself the few which she had not received from him.

Then she wrote a few hasty lines to account for her disappearance, the note being hurriedly folded in an envelope addressed to "Edward Holmes, Esq.," and enclosing her wedding-ring, which she had taken off in her excitement. She did all with eager trembling hands, and burning cheeks on which the tears were scarcely dry; hurrying on in her reckless, impetuous way, without pausing once to consider or question her own heart. Before night she was gone.

Almost at the same time that her husband was returning to find his pretty house deserted by its mistress—with the bewildered servants whispering among themselves, and looking perplexedly at each other—a cab was rapidly whirling away the truant to the railway station, from which she would take train to the village where Aunt Charlotte lived, a few miles from London.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON SOME PLEASURES AND PAINS OF MIDDLE AGE.

TO the question—what constitutes middle age? very different answers would probably be made, according as the speakers were looking *forward* or *back* to it. The former, as is always found, putting the commencement of it comparatively early; the latter putting it late. And, perhaps, we may say that it differs in different individuals; the personal character or peculiar circumstances of one causing him to feel and appear middle aged earlier than another. Yet, on the average, it will probably be allowed, that from about thirty-five to fifty people may be called middle aged. Holme Lee calls it "the silver age," from the silver threads then first seen among the hair; and has written a pretty (if rather plaintive) volume of essays on that period of life. These essays have the air all through of making the best of a disagreeable necessity. May it not be possible to show that middle age is as much better than youth as the flower is better than the bud?

Now, it would be useless to deny that middle age, as it has its peculiar pleasures, has, too, its proper pains (what time of life or what position is without these?); but what is wished to be shown is, that to a tolerably well-ordered mind the pleasures may, and do, outweigh the pains. Let us look at some of the pains first, and then the after-consideration of the pleasures will be doubly sweet, and take the taste of what went before out of the mental mouth.

One unmistakable pang which comes to us in middle life, comes to us on hearing of the deaths of our contemporaries. In youth we lost but few of our own standing; and I imagine it is the deaths of those of *our own age* that affect us most sensibly: and so we begin to recognise death as the rule instead of the exception, as it seemed in youth, when we "felt our life in every limb."

Is it not a pain, too, to have outgrown the illusions of youth?—

"When all the world was young, lad,
And every goose a swan."

Looking back, it seems almost impossible to realise that our present work-a-day selves can be the same persons who looked at the world with such different eyes long ago, who believed so intensely in the god-like virtues of very ordinary persons indeed—as they have since proved—clothed by our own imaginations, if not exactly in the "purple light of love"—which would be a very unsatisfactory, unsubstantial garment indeed—yet, at least, in a halo of romance. We regret, not the past illusions, since nothing in its nature false is worthy of regret; but the generous, con-

fiding mind that wove the web of fancy; and we can never be our "dead selves" again.

And our aspirations after excellence—how high they were! Is it not a pain to have lost them? We have no such aspirations now. We breathed mountain air then, and trod lightly, and had no burden on our backs; but now we are come down into the plain, and the air is heavy and sultry with care.

Is it to be counted as a pleasure or a pain, that lessened capacity for any very strong feeling that grows on us as we advance in life? Each person must answer for himself. It stands, as it were, on the boundary-line between the two, having its advantages and disadvantages. Whenever this sobering of our feelings which accompanies growing older serves to render us callous to the sufferings, and indifferent to the feelings of others, it may be considered as harmful; but I am inclined to think, on the whole, that it often comes in usefully to assuage unreasonably-felt mortifications, to prevent our acting on impulse, and that in many ways it is a very great gain. The thin skin of youth is proverbial, and great is the misery it entails. May it not be true to say, not that the heart is colder, or the affections weaker in middle age, but that the outer shell of the animal is thicker, and feels injuries less quickly? On the whole, though, I am not prepared to say that pains and pleasures, as such, do not exist; yet it seems to me that one man's pain is often another man's pleasure. That we are very ill qualified to judge in any given case as to what will cause pleasure and what pain, and can only speak with any degree of certainty respecting ourselves.

Among the many pleasures which belong to middle age, and foremost in their rank, stands that of finding the truth and friendship of friends to be lasting. As life goes on, and the days grow shorter and darker, it warms the heart to find those standing by us still who stood by us in youth; to find them unchanged toward us, accepting us as we are—which newer friends are not so ready to do—and loving us with our faults. We cannot experience this pleasure till we have lived some years in the world. Old friends are the more precious for being old, and having occupied a large space in our thoughts for a long time back.

Amongst the pleasures of middle age also to be counted, is the power gained by the mind of letting itself be disturbed in a less degree about trifles. Things assume a truer relative value, and we see that the mistakes we made are not irreparable, and the consequences not eternal, as we almost fancied they would be. Or, let it be granted the mistakes are irreparable—the life a failure,

yet we can look forward more confidently to the time of the restitution of all things. Life, in youth, looked so very long, and now seems so much shorter, that we can "look before and after," and things we broke our hearts over then, would hardly excite a passing regret now. And even though middle age is more weighted with that care and anxiety from which youth is free, it seems to me that we acquire, as we go on, a power of putting aside our cares and anxieties. "Lie there till I call you, meantime I will play." Now, in youth calamities seemed so crushing, and we foolishly thought we should never be happy any more, and found ourselves, with something like shame, returning with enjoyment to things which gave us happiness before the thunderbolt fell.

Independence of thought comes naturally with age. Either our sentiment of reverence for the opinions of others is diminished, or, which is as likely, our confidence in our own judgment is increased, and at forty we say what we should not have ventured on at twenty. "All that So-and-so says may be wise and good, but I do not think the worse of myself or others for differing from him." And this is a great pleasure to many minds. And another pleasure is allied to this, that of being able to see that every question has two sides, some persons remain through life unable to perceive this, and in their prejudice and narrowness are as children still, becoming, indeed, less and less able to discern merit in any opinion but their own. Then follows the pleasure of exercising our

increased capacity for independence in speech, though here care is needful lest we exercise the capacity harmfully. And so it becomes a duty, if we have courage to speak plainly, to see, first, that there is occasion for speaking at all, and then that the speech be made in the right spirit and right form. This seen to, what a deep pleasure springs out of our power to speak words of comfort, counsel, pity, or affection (or more seldom, reproof), which we should not have had courage to have spoken ten years ago, although we should have had conscientiousness enough to make us miserable for long after we had let the opportunity slip by.

Perhaps the best of all the gains which middle life brings is freedom of action. At such time as we have laid aside the restraints and tutorings of youth, and are not come to the restraints imposed upon us by the infirmities of age, we are able to do much in our own way and after our own fashion;—freedom, not to be idle—no man has a right to *that*—but to work for the best of Masters, in the greatest of tasks, that of adorning and beautifying our own soul, and benefiting to the uttermost the bodies and souls of our fellow-men; or if only the bodies, was not that a great part of the daily work of our Master? This freedom realised more and more as we leave youth behind, more than compensates us for anything we lost with our youth, and how shall we regret the showers and sunshine of spring, and the bright variety of its flowers, if we can count instead the beautiful beneficent sheaves of harvest?

THE EXPLORATION OF PALESTINE.

BY CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.

CHAPTER II.

THE results of the first exploring expedition, conducted by Captain Wilson, R.E., and Lieutenant Anderson, R.E., in the years 1865-6, may be briefly described as follows:—

In various parts of Palestine materials were collected for making about fifty plans, with detailed drawings, of churches, synagogues, mosques, temples, tombs, and other edifices, and their remains and ruins; amongst which are plans of the cities of Cæsarea, Beisan, and Sebastiyeh (Samarit.); of the Holy Place of the Samaritans, and of the ruined octagonal church of the Emperor Justinian on the summit of Mount Gerizim; of ancient churches at Baalbek, Cæsarea, Lydda, Beitin, Bireh, Yarn, Sebastiyeh, and at Jerusalem itself; the plans also of seven ancient Jewish synagogues, of the Great Mosque at Damascus, and of another at Nablus (Shechem); those of the temples at Kedes, Deir el-Kalah, and Mejd-el-Anjar; and

numerous tombs in different parts of the country. A series of inscriptions also was found scattered about, like the tombs, in different places; and of these inscriptions careful copies have been taken.

Amongst the most interesting of all the discoveries are those which have established, almost with certainty, the site of Capernaum, and which for the first time have shown the true character of the ancient synagogues of Palestine.

Attention had been directed to the synagogues, or rather to the ruins of those buildings, by Dr. Robinson, in his "Later Biblical Researches;" but the first complete account of their design, construction, and arrangement, accompanied with photographs which represent their present condition, has been given by Captain Wilson. It appears that these ancient edifices were designed on a fixed and accepted plan: they were erected standing north and south, having three entrances at their southern extremity; the interior was divided into five longitudinal compartments, or

aisles, by four rows of columns, and the two northern corners were formed by double columns attached to the walls. The style of decoration, notwithstanding this prevailing uniformity of plan and arrangement, evidently was not always the same. Thus, at Tel Hum, which may be regarded as identical with Capernaum, Corinthian capitals were found. Capitals of the same order were also found at Kerazeh-Chorazin. At Irbid there is a mixture—Ionic with Corinthian; while the capitals that once crowned the columns in the other ruined synagogues that were explored, proved to be in a style of character peculiar to themselves. The faces of the great stone lintels that covered the openings of the doorways were usually found to have been ornamented with some sculptured device. At Nebarten, for example, with an inscription, there is a representation of the seven-branched candlestick of the ancient Temple service; at Kefr Birim the ornament appears to have been designed to represent the paschal lamb; and at Tel Hum, with unconscious felicity of symbolical allusion, there are both the pot of manna and the lamb. Scroll-work, formed of vine-branches, with their leaves and clusters of grapes, is also an ornament of frequent occurrence, and one which cannot fail to be regarded with peculiar interest by explorers who faithfully accept the Scriptures of the New Testament. These remains, with Captain Wilson's careful and graphic descriptions of them, and with his excellent photographs, suggest perfectly fresh ideas as to what the Jewish synagogues, of which we read in the New Testament, must have been like. The remains that Captain Wilson has examined may not be of quite such early date as the commencement of the Christian era, but they undoubtedly show what were the style and character of those still earlier "synagogues of the Jews" in which so many of the most important events in the Gospel history are recorded to have taken place; and they show also that these edifices, unlike the rude structures they generally are supposed to have been, were really noble buildings, rich in the best architectural decoration of their era, and standing in the same relative artistic connection with the great and magnificent Temple at Jerusalem, that our own principal churches do to our cathedrals.

Another point of special interest, as I have observed, in Captain Wilson's exploration arises from the attention bestowed by him upon the discovery of the true site of Capernaum—that city which, above all others, might claim the supreme distinction of having been the home of the Saviour during the greater part of his life upon this earth. Capernaum, indeed, must be considered to have been second in interest not even to Jerusalem itself; and yet, so completely

has the attention of pilgrims and travellers been diverted to other localities and other scenes, that scarcely any care or labour has been bestowed before upon the discovery and identification of this most remarkable spot. Without positively asserting even now that Tel Hum certainly represents Capernaum, and that its ruins cover the identical site where once that highly-favoured city stood, Captain Wilson's discoveries really have approached very nearly to a complete and decided identification.

The presence, again, of extensive remains, including those of a synagogue, may now be considered to fix with tolerable certainty the position of Chorazin at Kerazeh, situated two miles to the north of Tel Hum (Tel Hum itself is at the north-western extremity of the Sea of Tiberias), on a small plain where there is a spring. All the buildings appear to have been of basalt; and, notwithstanding the utter ruin that has fallen upon the whole, portions of the old streets with their pavements can still be clearly traced. This discovery is due to Lieut. Anderson, who also conducted the researches upon Mount Gerizim.

Other ruins, also of singular interest, now called Khersa, were visited and explored. They are situated on the eastern side of the lake, and they probably are the remains of the ancient Gergesa, the city of the Gergesenes. Near these ruins, and opposite to the city of Tiberias, appears to have been the scene of the destruction of the herd of swine. No other point on that side of the lake, indeed, is so suitable—in fact, no other point beside this can be said to be strictly suitable to the requirements of the Gospel narrative. Elsewhere, from the eastern elevated plateau, the ground slopes steeply, and in a few places almost precipitously, down to the level of the lake; but a margin of fertile land, in width from half a mile to a mile, is left intervening between the base of the hills and the water's edge. At this particular point, however, near Khersa, and only at this, a spur or little promontory runs out from the high land to the shore, and, without actually forming a cliff, the slope is steep and decided—just such a "steep place" as the evangelists have described in the few graphic words that have invested their description of the incident with such vivid truthfulness.

I leave for future consideration all the particulars and details of Captain Wilson's remarkable discovery at Jerusalem, that I may give a full description of them in connection with the more recent discoveries that have been made on the same spot.

In the department of Topography, by accurate observations made at forty-nine separate places between Beyrout and Hebron, and also carried

through the country from Baniās (Cæsarea Philippi) to Jerusalem, a series of detailed maps have been formed, on the scale of one mile to an inch (the scale of the English Ordnance Survey), which comprehend the whole backbone of Palestine—the entire range of the bold central highland, which traverses the country from north to south, including the Lake of Galilee and all the watercourses that descend to its western shores. The errors that exist in the earlier maps for the most part appear to have been caused by trusting too much to a general inspection of many parts of a region, which abounds in narrow ravines and tortuous water-ways, all of them impossible to lay down in a map with exact accuracy without a direct and most careful examination. To remedy these defects has been the great aim of the present maps, as it also must be one of the chief objects in whatever additions hereafter may be made to them. All that already has been laid down in these maps and plans, accordingly, is so much clear gain, and enables all future explorers to set forth to their work, having started from sure ground.

Since the return of Capt. Wilson and Lieut. Anderson in 1866, the Exploration Society has been unceasingly at work in the same earnest and energetic spirit, and on the same sound principles, that have characterised its operations from their first commencement; and the results of this working will be found to become continually more and more interesting and important. Before I proceed to consider either what has actually been accomplished in Palestine since the return of Capt. Wilson's second expedition, or what the society at this present moment is both doing and desiring to do, it may be well for me to conclude this chapter with a very few words upon the constitution, principles, and aim of the society itself.

This society has been formed "for the accurate and systematic investigation of the archaeology, the topography, the geology, and physical geography, and the manners and customs of the Holy Land, for Biblical illustration;" and this association, which, in the words I now have quoted sets forth with what objects and views it has been formed, has chosen to assume the title of the "Palestine Exploration Fund." The word "fund" thus used is significant enough; since the work that lies before the society, and which it has boldly and resolutely taken in hand, can be accomplished only by the authorities of the society having ample funds placed at their disposal. And, without any question, the most cordial popularity, coupled with the most liberal support, cannot fail to be secured for this "Palestine Exploration Fund," wherever it is well known and thoroughly understood. To be well acquainted with this society, in fact, implies a resolution to take a part with it in its noble and

admirable work. The funds of the society are derived entirely from voluntary subscriptions and donations, with the addition of whatever profits may arise from the sale of the photographs that have been and will be taken for the society. Her Majesty the Queen is the patron; the president is the Archbishop of York; the honorary secretaries are Mr. George Grove and the Rev. E. W. Holland,—the last-named gentleman being now in the East. And there is a numerous committee, which has been formed with the express intention of including persons of eminence, both clergy and laymen, who hold diverse religious opinions, but who, nevertheless, have readily and gladly consented so far to forego whatever differences may exist between them as may enable them to act cordially together upon the common ground, equally dear to them all, of an equal interest in Palestine and in the exploration of it. The society desires to include amongst its members *all* who participate in that interest: it invites *all* to join its ranks: it seeks from *all* such persons sympathy, encouragement, and a constant accession of fresh and increasing working power. And the committee represents—certainly, it is most desirous to represent—the entire body of the society: cabinet ministers, accordingly, and bishops; men of science, of learning, and of art; the leaders of education, and men of mark of every class and order; men of business, too, and men of letters; country gentlemen and peers of the realm; travellers and authors; Churchmen of every shade; Catholics; Nonconformists of every denomination; Hebrews; politicians of as many varying shades as Churchmen—all are duly represented; or, if all are not duly represented in the committee, it is simply and solely because some have been less ready than others to respond to an invitation that in the first instance was addressed, and that still continues to be addressed, to *all* in the same terms and with equal cordiality. As it exists at this time, this committee, it must be added, includes in its ranks almost all the most experienced travellers in Palestine. This is the association that has undertaken to "explore" Palestine. And, in its exploration of Palestine, this association has, and will continue to have, one grand aim and purpose—to search thoroughly the Holy Land, in quest of its testimony to truth. The society is seeking neither for discoveries that may confirm some existing theories, nor for evidence that may overwhelm other theories of an opposite character. It is exploring Palestine, in order to enable Palestine to bear its own strong testimony to the Bible, alike without any restraint or imperfection on the one hand, and on the other hand without any suggestive guiding. The exploring parties of the "Palestine Exploration Fund" sink their shafts through the accumulated dust and rubbish and

ruins of centuries, until they are able to lay bare foundations and they have reached the solid mass of the living rock: and so, in like manner, the principles of this society, having no fellowship

with whatever may be aptly typified by dust and rubbish and ruins, rest on foundations that are deeply laid and secure, and are built up upon the rock of the written Word of God.

A WORD UPON BREAK OF DAY.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.

SCIENCE is continually teaching us that there are beautiful adaptations in Nature to the weal of man, often unthought of by him. We know something of the advantages of the varied seasons of time, but we seldom stay to ponder the fact, that winter has beautiful uses as well as summer, and that night has its blessings as well as day. Yes, night! for the darkness of night, the atmosphere of night, the silence of night, are all adapted to the physical health and the mental rest of man. Were he to turn night into day, he would suffer as much in health as he would lose in the joy and beauty of the outer world! A thousand voices say, "The night is thine;" and when the stars shine out of the dark heavens, stars which we cannot see in the daytime, magnificent hints are they to us of hidden glories yet unrevealed by God, and reminders of his love and power, who has made all worlds so lustrous and majestic, and this one amongst them all so adapted to our use, our comfort, and our wellbeing.

But if night has its teachings, so has day, and especially *daybreak*. "Grace," says Vinet, "has not made Nature an outcast!" No, we may still learn from her lips; the Great Teacher has made her an illuminated missal, adorned with the gold and crimson of his own brush, ever reminding us, by Nature's pictures, of the eternal verities of His thought.

Let it be remembered, in treating of daybreak, that night, in a moral sense, belongs only to our present estate. One day we hope to reach heaven, and there will be no night there. The first dawn of heaven to our hearts will be the ushering in of everlasting day.

It is scarcely necessary even to suggest to the reader the glories of the natural morning. Who that has seen break of day amid the Scottish highlands, near Braemar or Balmoral, can ever forget it?—the purple bloom upon the heather, the diamond dew upon the gorse, the deep shadows, departing like massed troops along the valleys! or who that has been at sea, and seen the first tinge of mellow light fringing the horizon, and then spreading like a sheet of gold upon the sea, will ever forget that golden glory? No; it is not the purpose of this paper to dwell upon daybreak in

this sense: it is so familiar to all, and so past the pen of man to picture. But there are other glories of the morning, concerning which we may say a word.

We awake each day into a new world of life and duty, and it is marvellous how each intervening night separates us from the cares, anxieties, and worries of the preceding day. We scarcely realise how great a change a few brief hours of rest will make. It is old but good advice, in any difficulty, to "sleep upon it;" a new existence seems to come with each new day—new possibilities, new prospects, new energies, and a new heart of hope. We cannot think of the wrong, the injury, the sorrow, just as we did the night before. Every morning there is a kind of resurrection of life, a beautiful revivification of the faculties of the mind and the energies of the body too. The break of day has formed the inspiration of many a poem and many a picture, and will doubtless do so of many more.

The religious teacher will necessarily look at it in its highest aspects. It is specially significant of the genesis of the Christian life. Memorable season that!—when the darkness is leaving the mind and the true light beginning to shine. The dawn may come *very early* in a young child's heart: there will always be some darkness to dispel, some clouds to disperse; but the break of moral day may come in tenderest years. The vision of Christ as a Redeemer, of God as a Father; the prospect of heaven as a home; the vileness of sin, falsehood, filthiness, enmity, and evil—these things may be seen in the young child life. Break of day is, in this sense, like entrance into a new world. No figures of speech can be truer than those which describe sin as darkness, and salvation as light. Daybreak to the soul is the opening of our eyes to a Sun which has been always shining round about us. Lord, open thou mine eyes! That is break of day to us; and there is no era so rich in blessing as the dawn of Heaven's morning to a sin-slumbering soul.

Daybreak, however, is only the beginning of the light. Objects in the dawn are not seen at once. There are many aspects of the power and beauty of the Gospel which we do not glimpse at first. Knowledge comes by degrees. To understand and argue out all the propositions of theology, is



"When the fire burns bright, and our hearts are light,
And my love, my love will sing to me."—p. 571.

neither within the range of possibility or duty in the early era of religious life. Light would blind us if, in the natural world, it burst upon our vision at once; and there is an analogy in Christian truth, which shines in upon the mind steadily and gradually. It is enough at first to love Christ, the living Christ, who will guide us into all truth. Watch the soul as the day breaks. What possibilities of knowledge, love, and service are before it! Oh, that glorious beginning, the dawn of Christian day! Worlds want, in all their wealth, the worth of that. When we see the little eyes of a babe looking out into a new world, what a mystery lies hidden in that life; what these eyes will some day be the windows to in relation to thought and feeling; how they will gaze on the majesty of the stars, the magnificence of the mountains, the kind faces of home! And what will not those spiritual eyes see? Those wonderful words, spoken by St. Paul, are often quoted as related to the Christian in heaven, but they apply to the Christian on earth: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit." Beautiful daybreak that! Lord, that I may receive my sight. Merciful pardon is the dawn of the Christian day, and then come the graces—righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. We must not complain of morning because it is only morning; it brings with it the promise of day—yea, of everlasting day.

We think, too, of the daybreak as showing us the scenes of darkness. At first we are occupied with the strangely beautiful new life; but in time we look back. We need not attempt to depict any startling sense of surprise or dislike, for that would not be true to our consciousness. But this experience is true. We wonder at the dark dread of God which we once had; we marvel at our base conceptions of life, as having its choicest joys in the sensuous side of our nature; we wonder that we should have refused to see the beauty of Christ; we wonder that we should have lived without prayer and without peace. Here is a contrast between the new life and the old death—friendship with God instead of enmity—rest in him in the place of tremulous dread. What sincere disciple of Christ is there who does not look back to the night as a season to which he would not, if he could, return? The new morning has its sense of joy as well as sense of safety.

We think of the daybreak as applicable to the night seasons of grief. It is representative of our human as well as our Christian life. We have not lived so long without experiencing something of the weeping which endures for the night. Unbroken health, unbroken happiness, belong to none. How long, too, are some nights! The acquaintance-

ship some form with sorrow is such that they can scarcely believe in joy. They have become so accustomed to a long, Northern sort of night, that they almost cease to believe in the day. How often the worn and weary, looking through life's heart-casement, cry, "What of the night?" and the prospect says, "Night still! No red in the horizon—dark night still!" Ah, but break of day is coming! Yes, even after the most wearisome affliction, the most necessitous circumstances, the most cruel wrongs, the most bitter endurances, some alleviation—some alteration—some beneficent change is at hand. The morning cometh! Oh, lead all you can to believe in the daybreak! Hope is useful as well as beautiful, and it has life in it. It may be difficult to revive the drooping spirit, to re-quicken the dormant energy; but let these words lie close to the heart: the morning cometh! Let us believe in the daybreak ourselves! Light cometh with the new-born day! The ropes are not so rotten in the belfry of the heart that we need fear to ring out the joy-notes! It is well to disturb the owls, and bats, and dark-winged thoughts of fear, by ringing out the music of hope. Let us try how sweet the peal is: Joy cometh—joy cometh—joy cometh in the morning! There is daybreak coming for the widow sitting under the cypress shadow of her new grief. There is daybreak for the poor and needy; daybreak for the forgotten. Let us have faith in God, and whisper to other hearts, The morning cometh!

We think of the daybreak as representative of new Christian life in heathen worlds. What a title would this form for the histories of the Western Indies and the Southern Seas. It requires little artistic skill to sketch the picture of the dark night of cannibalism, and cruelty, ignorance, superstition, and shamelessness which had settled down on these fair portions of the natural world

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

The morning came! True, indeed, the early light fell on forms that had fallen on sleep whilst sowing the seed. True, indeed, the grey dawn lasted long, and in some cases it was fifteen years before the clear daylight came; but the Sun of Righteousness *did* arise on the nations. As the light came there came the revelations of vice—crime—guilt; but, in the midst of all, there was seen the Cross—the wonderful Cross—by which God was providing a healing balm for the nations. The story of Christian daybreak has never yet been fully told; indeed, no one can truly make the dead past live. Old idolatries become the forgotten follies of preceding days, and the unfruitful works of darkness, as they are hated, are also blotted out of memory. Schools, mission-houses, native training colleges, all rise before us in the new light, and we say,

"What hath God wrought? Can that old chieftain be the man who slew his own child?" He is. "Can that silver-haired communicant be he who smote with his death-blow the missionary who first landed on the isle?" He is. "Can these children, who know only of idolatry by the stories told them of what once was, be the children of those who worshipped, thirty years ago, rude images of clay?" They are. Beautiful daybreak! "A light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of thy people Israel."

We think of daybreak as yet awaiting other lands. It has not been daybreak everywhere. Night still reigns! But the glory of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea! To whom can the nations go but to the Redeemer? Blot out the Christ of history, and you take the one Sun out of the moral heavens. Well may we re-echo the disciple's words, "Lord, to whom can we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." What luminary competes with the god of day? What light can eclipse the Light of the World? We do well to feel sure that the Gospel is inherently strong, and that its self-evidencing power is its highest claim to be Divine.

Great sums are being expended in digging up the ancient foundations of old empires renowned in history, and it is suggested in certain circles that we might gain a much more correct knowledge of old monarchies by a judicious application of wealth to the explorations of scientific research. Even so. But we want to know, not only what was the golden past; we want to prepare for

a more golden future. Prophecy is truer than history, and we look forward with longing eyes to the bright beginning of a better day. It will come; it must come. But it will be another thing whether we have in any sense aided or arrested its advent. Even now it may want but our hand to draw back the curtain of ignorance, and to make way for the dawn of truth, that the light may break forth as the morning. I know it will be for some time *only* break of day. It is unwise to imagine that converted heathens have not yet much to put off, and much growth to attain unto, ere they walk fully in the light; but they will ultimately have the perfect likeness of their Lord.

We think of this daybreak as applicable to the dawn of heaven. After all, there must be much of shadow in all our earthly bliss, much of imperfection in all our earthly knowledge; but the morning cometh. Many mornings may have already come to us: the light of some new discovery, the light of first love, the dawning influence of truth and beauty; but there is another morning coming, when *all* the shadows and sorrows will flee away for ever, where the sun no more goes down. A day without a darkening cloud—a day without a desolating storm—a day without a deepening twilight! To how many hearts have these words sounded out a depth of meaning which only the worn and weary, the tired and tempted, the lonely and bereaved, can sympathetically understand—"There shall be no night there!"

LOCH AREE.

WHEN spring comes in, and the leaves are green,
And daisies sprinkled upon the lea,
Oh! the pleasant walks and the happy talks
By the glimmering waters of Loch Aree;
When the hours are bright, and our hearts are light,
And my love, my love will sing to me.

When the sun is high in the summer sky,
And the honeyed bloom invites the bee,
We wander then in the wooded glen
That leaps from the mountains of Loch Aree;
When the woods are cool, and our hearts are full,
And my love, my love will sing to me.

When the green leaves fade into yellow and red,
And the robin sings upon the tree,
In the autumn brown, we wander down
By the purpling banks of Loch Aree;
When the hours breathe balm, and our hearts are calm,
And my love, my love will sing to me.

When trees are bare in the wintry air,
And the snow is whitening o'er the lea,
Then happy our lot, in a cosy cot
By the sheltered shores of Loch Aree;
When the fire burns bright, and our hearts are light,
And my love, my love will sing to me.

In the days of toil we gather their spoil,
And live as happy as life may be;
And heartsease treasure in hours of leisure,
On the bonnie green banks of Loch Aree;
When our hearts beat time to some sweet old rhyme,
And my love, my love will sing to me.

Thus day by day, come grave or gay,
We tune our hearts to the joys we see,
And round the year, in cloud or clear,
That chase each other by Loch Aree;
Let the shadows run, our hearts are one,
And my love, my wife will sing to me. J. H.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

RAYMOND TRIES TO GAIN TIME.

BUT the thing must be done, Mr. Carlton, or else what is to become of us?" said Raymond Sylvester.

Mr. Carlton was the family lawyer, who had been in the Sylvester interest all his life. He was a sleek man, with a smooth bald head, and, just now, a rather puzzled expression of countenance. He passed his hand over his head several times ere he replied.

"Indeed, it is a matter for serious deliberation. For my own part, I don't see my way."

"But I do," said Raymond; "I see my way, very clearly indeed! The existence of our house hinges upon it. If this fellow carries out his threat, the whole world will rush behind the scenes, and all will be over!"

Mr. Carlton was still rubbing his head softly round and round, an occupation which might prevent him from replying as quickly as Raymond desired.

"So that he must be stopped—there is no doubt about it, Mr. Carlton—and stopped at once!"

"Perhaps you will have the goodness to explain to me how," said Mr. Carlton, politely, but with some anxiety.

"How! a hundred ways! You lawyers are full of resources."

Mr. Carlton shook his head.

"You see, Mr. Sylvester, the most satisfactory way of all—as I need scarcely hint to you—is to pay the money."

"But I am not intending to pay it," said Raymond, coldly; "you must set that idea wholly on one side."

"Are you quite resolved, Mr. Sylvester?"

"I should think I am resolved! Good gracious, man! it is not a case of will, or of intention," cried Raymond, with a vehemence quite unusual to him.

"No one knows better than you do how impossible it would be to meet John Humphreys' demand!"

"Quite so—quite so," and the sleek man bowed his head in acquiescence. "But still I am in the dark. What do you want me to do?"

"To see the man, and pacify him. To tell him that, if he proceed to extremities, it will be so much the worse for him."

"On what ground, may I ask, Mr. Sylvester?"

"On this ground," said Raymond, speaking with the same vehemence: "if one stone is knocked away from the foundation, the whole building will topple over. Creditors will come, flying from all quarters. There will not be a tithe to satisfy their demands. If he will forbear, a turn may come in these miserable fortunes of ours, and he may be paid in full."

As Raymond spoke, a slight colour came into his cheek, and his eyes sank uneasily before the surprised look of Mr. Carlton.

"Are you alluding to any expectations you may have, Mr. Sylvester?" said he, mildly.

"I am alluding to nothing," said Raymond, impatiently; "I am but giving you suggestions. Can you not understand me?"

"Pardon, me, but I heard that your expectations, in a worldly point of view, had been disappointed," said the lawyer. "You will forgive my alluding to such a matter, but it has to do with the point in hand, and the plainer we are with each other, the better."

Raymond's face turned white, and he bit his lip.

"I see you have no wish to befriend us in this matter," said he at length. "As my father's oldest counsellor, I hoped you would have rendered us all the help in your power."

"And so I would, if I knew how. The fact is, Mr. Sylvester, the property is fairly eaten up by debts—debts here, debts there, debts everywhere! Now, what can even a lawyer do?"

"Debts came to us as a sort of heirloom," said Raymond, bitterly; "we have not made one-half of them!"

"Probably not; but that does not alter the case; and it strikes me that you have no remedy left. The estate must go. Well, if it were me, I should let it."

"Let it!—let the estate go?" gasped Raymond, horrified.

"Yes; anything would be better than to suffer what you must suffer—the suspense, the anxiety, the alarm. You are young, why not wipe out the old score, and begin again?"

"But my mother!— But you have forgotten that we are Sylvesters!" again gasped Raymond, his face deadly pale.

"I forgot nothing," replied the lawyer, shortly; "you ask me for advice, and I give it. I say, let the crash come."

"Never!" cried Raymond, vehemently. "What! to have our home desecrated—our name disgraced—our position blotted out!—to be dragged down to the level of the common herd—to have the finger of scorn pointed at us! If that is your advice, I must go elsewhere, to seek for better." And he rose.

"Stay, Mr. Sylvester; I am willing to do what I can. I have tided you through many a narrow strait, and by many a quicksand. You must give me time for consideration."

"There is no time to lose," said Raymond, firmly; "you must see this man to-day."

"And what am I to tell him?"

"Need I repeat it? Appeal to his self-love, his interest, his cupidity. Tell him he is wiser if he forbear. Make any terms you like. Buy him off, if you will, at any price. All I ask is delay; even a month's delay might be our salvation!"

The mild eyes of the lawyer rested on Raymond's

face for a moment; then an idea seemed slowly to dawn upon him.

"I see—I see! Well, I will do the best I can; I am not sanguine of success, mind, not at all."

"If you fail, it will be your own fault," said Raymond, hoarsely.

"You must not think so, Mr. Sylvester. You must give me credit for the best intentions."

"If you fail," and Raymond went close up and spoke the words in his ear,—*"if you fail, we are ruined; if you succeed, we may be saved!"*

"I see—I see!" again repeated the lawyer, "and I will go at once to Mr. Humphreys. But quiet yourself down, I beg of you; I never saw you so excited before."

Raymond smiled, an uneasy kind of smile; then, after some further parley, he took leave of Mr. Carlton, and hurried out into the street.

He had left his mother in a state of great anxiety, almost of despair. Alice knew nothing of the crisis which they were approaching; the burden lay upon the mother and the son.

"Be comforted, dear mother," said he, as he entered her room; "I have averted the danger, for a time at least: be comforted!" For he was shocked at the pallid hue of her face, and the look of suspense and alarm in her eyes. She had not closed her eyes, she said, the whole night long.

He sat down by her, and took her hand. He was a devoted and affectionate son, was Raymond Sylvester.

"I have, I hope, obtained a short delay. More, we dare not anticipate. But it gives us time, mother—it gives us time."

"Time for what, Raymond?"

She was still ashy pale, and the look of trouble had not gone out of her eyes.

"Time to consider what is to be done; to devise schemes, and carry them out," said Raymond, looking down.

"Ah, my son, what schemes can we devise? where can we look? If it were to save our lives, we could not raise that money."

Raymond was silent. He appeared to be intensely studying a threadbare place on the carpet.

"So that it is but a mere respite," continued his mother, in a tone of distress; "an interval of calm, and then will come—the end!"

"Be patient, dear mother; and be strong! Better days are in store for us," said Raymond, soothingly.

Lady Sylvester sighed.

"They are!" continued Raymond, in a tone in which tenderness and bitterness were curiously blended. "You must not think that I shall fail you—I that have done so much, mother. Ah! and suffered too! I am free, now, to devote to you my whole energies, and I will! I will save you, if it be possible, and at any cost."

He spoke the words as from the depth of his soul; and he raised his mother's hand to his lips, and reverently kissed it.

"Yes, at any cost!" He had hardly fathomed the depths of his own meaning; but the words came forth

again, and yet again, and each time with stronger emphasis—"At any cost!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

HAROLD HEARS A PIECE OF NEWS.

"It has made you into a hero, in the eyes of the public, however," said Mr. Mapleson. "Here is the account of your adventure in the paper; should you like to read it?"

"No, thank you," replied Harold, coolly.

"Six men against one is rather an awkward odds," continued Mr. Mapleson. "I think you are a brave young fellow, Harold Blake."

"No more brave than my broad shoulders and strong arms entitle me to be," replied Harold, laughing. "After all, it was a mere adventure, and not worth discussing."

"You may call it an adventure, if you like; but whatever it was, it has raised you very much in my esteem, Harold Blake."

Harold bowed politely.

"Not that our relations to each other will be altered in the least. In a romance, I should be expected to promote you to some great honour: in real life, you remain just as you were."

Harold bowed again.

Mr. Mapleson was still laid up with the gout; and this conversation took place a day or two after Harold's adventure at the mill.

He was going home to dinner—a meal he was accustomed to snatch in haste. It would have been more convenient to drop into some eating-house at the other end of the town, as the distance to his lodgings was considerable. But there was Charley; Charley's day would have seemed very long and dreary without this break. The sight of Harold's face, and the sound of Harold's voice, did him good. Added to which, he could grumble a little; and that did him good as well.

By this time he had heard of Harold's danger; and it had made him shed a few tears, and express a great deal of alarm. And it had made him heartily abuse the "horrid mill," as he called it; and, for a very short period indeed, forget his own grievances. But the dangers and the trials of others never made much impression on Charley; and the tide of discontent threatened to flow as full and as strong as ever.

When Harold reached his lodgings, a surprise was in store for him. He stepped briskly up the stairs as usual, whistling as he went, for Harold was as cheerful as a lark, be his outward circumstances what they might.

"Now, then, Charley; dinner, if you please," said he, coming in at the door.

Charley's face looked so bright and joyous, that Harold could hardly believe his senses. Not that he forgot to begin with a complaint.

"Harold, how late you are! I thought you never meant to come!"

"Mr. Mapleson hindered me, that was all. Now,

where's this roast turkey of ours?" added he, looking round, with a comical smile.

"You know we have no roast turkey, or are ever likely to have, Harold. Why do you make one's mouth water?" said Charley, reproachfully.

"What is it, then?"

"Cold mutton."

"Never mind, it is the most wholesome thing we can have; and we are as hungry as hunters."

"You may be, but I am not. I am never hungry," said Charley, relapsing into a peevish tone.

"Have you been out in the chair?"

"Yes, and that was what I wanted to tell you, only you were so late. I have had such an adventure!" And Charley's face brightened up again.

"Why, what has happened?" asked Harold, as he carved the meat, cutting the most delicate slices for his brother.

"I have seen somebody!" and Charley's eyes sparkled with delight. Indeed, he seemed quite a different being.

"Seen somebody? Who could he be?" asked Harold, not greatly interested, and eating his cold meat with an excellent appetite.

"You must guess."

"Oh, I can never guess. You know I never guessed anything in my life."

"And it is not *he*, it is *she*," added Charley, much excited.

"*She*! Come, Charley, you must eat your dinner," said Harold, helping himself a second time.

"I can't! It did me so much good! Of course, I cried at first, it reminded me of old times; especially when she called me her little Roman friend!"

Harold's knife and fork dropped, as if he had received an electric shock. A brilliant light seemed to leap into his eyes.

"You have guessed, Harold! I see it by your face. The beautiful young lady we met in Rome!"

Harold did not speak. A variety of vivid emotions played across his countenance.

"You had better eat your dinner though, you have to go back to the mill," said Charley mischievously.

"Where did you see her, Charley? Come, my little lad, you must tell me all about it."

His voice had a curious quaver in it.

"I saw her in the market-place. I was going along the pavement in my chair, and Robert was pushing behind, when all at once such a grand carriage drove up, with coachmen, and footmen, and all—"

"Never mind that, Charley! About the persons inside the carriage," asked Harold, in a tone of eager interest.

"You need not interrupt me, Harold. I hate to be cut in two!" said Charley, fretfully.

"Well, dear, tell the story your own way," replied Harold, patiently.

"I was telling it. A carriage drove up, as I said, and the footman opened the door."

"The carriage stopped then?"

"Yes, of course it stopped, or how could the footman have got down? How stupid you are, Harold!"

Harold assumed a look of penitence, and held his peace.

"The carriage stopped at that grand shop opposite the market-house. I was almost close to it, so I could see everything. First there got out a very handsome lady, dressed like a widow—"

"A widow!" interrupted Harold, as if involuntarily.

"Yes, in a deep crape veil, and a long train, all of crape. I could see her face, because the veil—"

"And was there nobody else, Charley?" said Harold, in a tone of deep disappointment.

"Yes; if you will have patience, and hear me out. If you are so tiresome, I will not tell you anything."

Harold, as if thoroughly rebuked, held his peace again.

"The lady in black got out, and went into the shop; then another lady got out after her. She was in mourning, too; and as she passed close by me, I could not help crying out for joy; I was so glad to see her again!"

"Miss Sylvester?" said Harold, in a reverential whisper.

"Yes, the very same."

"Did she know you—did she speak to you?" eagerly inquired Harold.

"I should think she did. No one would be in much danger of forgetting *me*," said Charley, sadly; "and then you know how very kind she was to me, and how she came and sat with me, when you and the rest were gone out. She is more *my* friend than *yours*, Harold."

"Then she did speak to you?"

"Yes; and she was so surprised. She thought we were in Rome still, and she asked after—"

Charley paused, and both were silent a few moments.

"Did she, indeed," said Harold, in a tone of awe.

"Yes; and then she was so shocked. She turned quite pale, and the tears came into her eyes. I never saw any one so much distressed."

The cloud passed from Harold's face, and a kind of sunny gleam shone there."

"We had quite a long conversation. I told her everything. It is such a time since I had any one to speak to."

"Everything, Charley?"

"Yes, everything. I told her just how we were placed, and she seemed as if she could hardly believe it. She thought we were so rich, you know."

"Yes—yes!"

"Well, I told her that when poor papa and mamma died, one after the other, and we were left orphans, I told her you might have been rich still, if you had not been so silly (for I think it silly, and always shall) as to give up the estate to pay the debts. I said it had quite beggared us, and that we had to live in lodgings, and that you were overseer of a silk mill!" added Charley, in a tone of disgust.

"Charley, how could you tell her all that?"

"I did. Why shouldn't I? She is my friend, and I love her with all my heart. I asked her to come and see me."

Harold gave a quick glance round the room. The light in his eyes was more brilliant than ever.

"I think she will, too: some day when you are at the mill."

The light dropped suddenly down. A cloud seemed to come between Harold and the blissful object he was contemplating.

"Of course it will be delightful to me," continued Charley, in a tone of exultation. "I have wanted somebody to take a little notice of me, ever since we came. I am getting very tired of Mrs. Maynard."

"I wish she might come," said Harold, thinking of Alice Sylvester.

"It won't be my fault if she doesn't. I gave her the address, and told her what part of the day I was sure to be alone. I don't want her when you are at home," added Charley, with characteristic selfishness.

Harold's thoughts had flown back as on the wings of the wind. He was in the Eternal City, his parents with him. They were staying in the best hotel, and

passing for a rich English family. Alice and her relatives were staying there as well. Visions rose up, painted as memory will paint, of some sweet, rare interviews with Alice. A recollection, vivid as any present joy could be, of how he had loved the very ground she trod on. He had never told her so. He had been withheld by the dread of a future that had in it a kind of doom. The doom had come, but not till Alice had passed from that immediate scene in Harold's history. Then had happened bereavement; Harold and his brother had become orphans. Next had come the loss of worldly gains, and of position—in fact, the loss of all things. Then Harold had returned to England, putting from him every thought of love, of ease—of all but the resolute determination to be honest. He had come to Newbury, as to a place where he had, at least, one friend, and where an opening might be made. And now on the bleak, cheerless path he was treading had dawned this vision of brightness and of beauty—Alice Sylvester.

(To be continued.)

MY BROTHER BEN AND I.



WHEN I was a lad of about twelve years of age, and was attending the grammar-school in Slubberton, near which town my father, a small Scotch proprietor, resided, no study pleased me so well as that of biography; and, having made a tolerable progress in arithmetic, and other knowledge, I received for a prize a book called "The British Plutarch," in which I read the lives of Milton, Pope, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the Duke of Marlborough, Sir Francis Drake, and Cromwell. But great as all these worthies were, they were every one of them eclipsed, in my opinion, by my brother Ben, who had been at sea from an early age, and about the beginning of the Midsummer holidays came home, after an absence of nearly five years. Ben was fifteen years older than myself, and having entered the service as a midshipman, had been in several battles, in which he had gained both prize-money and promotion, and was now first lieutenant of the *Thunderer*, man-of-war, commanded by Captain Truman.

So I decided, in my own mind, that Ben was a much greater hero than Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the Duke of Marlborough, or any of those recorded in my Plutarch. And besides, he was such a fine fellow to look at, with his gold epaulettes, embroidery, and buttons, his cocked hat and plume, white waistcoat, and the glittering sword by his side. All the family, especially the female part and their acquaintances, shared my enthusiasm, and we had more young lady visitors during the week after Ben came home than we had had for a whole twelvemonth before.

It certainly was glorious to hear Ben talk and sing. He had a good voice, and he sang sea songs about Tom Bowling, Admiral Benbow, and Black-eyed Susan, which made me think that if there existed anywhere a paradise upon the earth, it must be on board of a

man-of-war. Then he had been in both East and West Indies, and spoke of waving palms, with groves of orange and citron, with myrtles, magnolias, and passion flowers, all growing wild; of gales laden with the odours of spices and aromatic gums; rivers flowing over golden sands; humming-birds, parrots, and parroquets of all colours and sizes; blue monkeys, orange-coloured lizards, and fireflies. The result was that I formed a resolution to go, as soon as possible, and see all these wonderful things with my own eyes.

Possessing no taste for farming, Ben amused himself, while he was at home, in making, and showing me how to rig, a small frigate, of which my sisters hemmed the sails after they were cut out. When she was complete, and Ben launched her on the duck-pond in the meadow, she really was a saucy-looking craft, with her shapely hull, raking masts, and the British ensign floating in the wind; and as the breeze filled her canvas, and she floated majestically across the pond, I felt myself, in imagination at least, every inch a sailor! But my infatuation was achieved by Ben giving me, as a parting gift, a large, handsome edition of "Robinson Crusoe." I read this book morning, afternoon, and evening, and it lay under my pillow at night.

After reading Robinson three times through, it came into my head that I should like to act it. The opportunity soon offered. My father having built a new pigsty, I begged for the old one—which was in the corner of a field, around three sides of which was a wide, deep ditch—in order to make a hut like Robinson did on his island. Obtaining permission, I and my brother Teddy, who was two years younger than I, new thatched and cleaned it as well as we possibly could. We then, with old boards, and the tools which Ben had lent me to use while he was away, contrived to make two three-legged stools, a

couple of perches, and a sheff; on the latter I placed my tea-mug, an old yellow dish, and a plate or two, given me by my mother, and with my Robinson to read, and the grey parrot, that I had taught to say, "Poor Rob," which it did incessantly; the old Tom-cat; and a goat, which was lame of a leg, I spent many happy hours; Teddy, in a black paper mask, with an oval slit for the mouth, and two smaller ones for the eyes, making an admirable Man Friday. All this was very delightful, and went on for a good while; but no pleasures are lasting in this world; an accident brought ours to a conclusion. Teddy and I had made a raft by tying some boards together with an old rope, and, having pushed it into the ditch, we embarked upon it, along with the parrot, cat, and goat; and, by the aid of a clothes-prop, paddled ourselves backwards and forwards several times in triumph, till at length, the rope being rotten and unable to bear the strain, gave way, the raft came to pieces, and we were all suddenly submerged in the muddy ditch. My father and Tom Hackett, hearing our cries, came and dragged out Teddy and me. The goat scrambled up the bank by itself; but puss and poll were unfortunately drowned.

My father said but little, though he had forbidden us to play near the ditch many times. But the next day he announced his intention of putting me, as I was now nearly fourteen years old, apprentice to Mr. Dip, the tallow-chandler in Slubberton. Now, my father was a worthy, Christian man, but he was firm almost to obstinacy. What he had once resolved upon was like the laws of the Medes and Persians, which could never be altered; so I had to give up all my dreams, and go to Mr. Dip's. I abhorred the smell of tallow, and detested grease; but it did not matter—in canvas apron and sleeves I was obliged to work in the hated melting-house from morning till night. This I had done for a week; the next day would be melting-day, and I determined to avoid it, and all its horrors, by running away. Accordingly, after all the family were in bed, I let myself down from the window by the sheets, which I tied together and fastened to the bedstead, and made the best of my way to a small seaport town about fifteen miles off. I got there early in the morning, and went to the beach to look at the ships. There were not many, but before I could observe them a stout, red-faced man accosted me, and asked if I wanted a berth; I told him I did, whereupon he said he would engage me for the voyage to go as ship's boy in the *Lively Nancy*, as fine a vessel as ever sailed; "and as you're a strong, active-looking chap," said he, "if you mind your p's and q's, you'll come to be a captain like me some day or other."

Captain Driver, for that was his name, took me into a small public-house, with the sign of the "Three Jolly Tars," where, after a repast of bread and cheese and ale, I fell fast asleep, and never woke till evening, when a rough-looking man, who said he was the mate, came to fetch me to go on board of the *Lively Nancy*. When there, he told me I might turn in for the night, and showed me my berth, which looked, for all the

world, like a shelf in a coal-cellar. I was still too stupefied with the ale I had drunk to notice much, but I found the next morning, to my intense disgust, that I had shipped myself on board of a collier-brig, and that, instead of being on a voyage to "Araby the Blest" for a cargo of fragrant spices, we were bound for Sunderland to fetch coals! I was, besides all this, awfully sick, and, like my prototype Robinson, heartily repented of my wicked disobedience; but there was no help for it; we were far out at sea by this time, and to cure my seasickness, Mr. Belt gave me a dose which he said he had never known to fail. This was a basin of gruel, seasoned with salt and Cayenne pepper. It nearly choked me, and set my throat on fire; but whether it was really efficacious, or through dread of its repetition, I don't know, but I got better. I cannot describe half the miseries I endured in this short voyage, and the return was still worse. Captain Driver had one infallible argument to enforce all his commands; this was a rope's end, by means of which he compelled me, despite of terror,

"To climb the high and giddy mast,"

and to perform all the other frightful tasks he imposed upon me. To make matters worse, the cargo shifted in a gale, and blocked up the door of the cabin, where was the only fireplace in the brig; so that we had to live on raw salt pork and mouldy biscuit for three weeks, during which we were knocking about in the Channel, the wind being contrary. When, after all, I reached home, black as a chimney-sweep, I found my brother Ben already there, who received me with a hearty laugh, while my mother actually wept at my appearance.

"In the name of all that's abominable," said Ben, "where have you been? On a cruise to Davy's Locker, I should think; for that you have been to sea, I can see by the cut of your jib!"

When I replied, "On board a coal brig," he laughed still more; but said, "That's no bad beginning; they make taut sailors on board those colliers."

"I don't want to go to sea any more," said I; "I hate it!"

Then my father broke in; it was the first time he had spoken to me since my return. "Eh! but ye will go to sea again, Rob. We'll hae nae mair changing. As ye hae made yer bed, so ye maun lie on't." However, in the end my mother prevailed on him to relent, and I returned to the factory.

Warned by my sufferings on board the brig, I endured its unpleasantness with patience. In time I became valuable to Mr. Dip, who, not many years after the expiration of my apprenticeship, engaged me as manager of his entire business.

My brother Ben, who retired from "the service" with the rank of post-captain, resides in the old house with his family. He often says that he believes my father was quite right in his opinion that I was intended for a man of business, and that, as a rule, parents are better judges of what is for their children's good, than they can possibly be themselves.

M. W.